

The Laborers of Servia.

Servia's laborer is at heart a simple, prosaic fellow. His attire is coarse almost to the point of ungainliness—rough brown trousers of homespun, a coat a shade or two darker and edged with a strip of black fleece; a peaked woolen cap and a cane, and you have the picture. He is a farmer on a small scale, and his hobby is raising hogs, which he turns into the forests or fields to fatten on mast. The rural life in Servia is primitive. At sunup folks rise, take their raki, or schnapps, and go to the fields to work. Their meal is brought to them at noon and again in the evening, for they often work until sunset. And so life goes on and on. Across the bluffs that border the river a road runs parallel with the Danube, and here workmen are seen, dressed often in white suits with red girdles, striving to bring from the earth the grain that will not come. In Rumania and Bulgaria the grain lands are rich, but here the earth seems stubborn and unproductive. So the laborer ekes out his existence as he may—the least interesting of all the laborers of southern Europe.

The Swiss Fourth of July.

Aug. 1 is the Swiss Fourth of July, the national fête day. A traveler tells how he helped to celebrate it one year at one of the climbing centers in the Valais by eating the sumptuous dinner provided by the hotel without extra charge, applauding the fireworks display and a bonfire lighted high on the mountain side and shouting "Hourra!" at the end of a patriotic speech extolling the ancient military glories and present republican democracy of Switzerland. Next morning came the strange sequel. The orator of the occasion, the most distinguished native visitor in the place, was appealed to as one who would certainly know the name of the Swiss president, but even he could not remember it. Nobody ever can. The name of that unassuming functionary is always less familiar in Switzerland than that of the lieutenant governor is in Illinois. He is merely the democracy's temporary official.

Jail Born Books.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the most famous and of its class incomparably the best English book ever written in prison. Bunyan was a prisoner in Bedford jail from 1660 to 1672 and in addition to his immortal allegory wrote "Grace Abounding" and "The Holy City" during those twelve years. Raleigh, who was a prisoner in the tower, 1603-14, occupied seven years of his captivity in writing his "History of the World." "The King's Quair," a long and romantic love poem, was written by James I. of Scotland when in prison at Windsor castle in 1423. Smollett, during his three months' detention in the King's Bench Prison for libel, wrote "The Adventures of Sir Launcelot Graves," and during a similar experience at Newgate in 1703 Defoe wrote a "Collection of Casualties and Disasters."

Naps and the Health.

Prolonged "forty winks" during the day are severely condemned by many doctors on the ground that they affect one's regular sleep. Scientists have found that in the ordinary course in the human being there is the greatest vitality between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. and the least between 2 o'clock and 6 o'clock in the morning. Long sleeps during the day interfere with this order of nature and sometimes affect various organs, causing headache. The nap of forty winks, but only forty, proves refreshing to many because it is too short to have any injurious consequences.—London Telegraph.

Milk in Turkey.

In Turkey there is a great consumption of the milk of the buffalo, the common cow, the goat and the ewe, but it is hardly ever used in a natural state. According to a paper read at the London Academy of Medicine, the milk is considerably reduced. After slow cooling the milk is treated with a ferment taken from the previous day's supply. In a few hours a curd forms, which is called yaghoon. The preparation is preferred to milk, and it has a pleasant, clean, acid taste and is of course nutritious.

Calumet.

"Calumet," supposed to be an Indian word meaning "pipe of peace," was wholly unknown among the savages. It is Norman and signifies in general a pipe. The pipe of peace was a "gahowidac" among the Iroquois and a "pogan" among some other tribes. The Algonquins called it "pogan," the Winnebagoes "tahnehoo" and the Dakotas "chandinhoopa."

The Gulf Stream.

Western Europe's climate would be changed entirely were the isthmus of Panama and adjacent territory to be submerged, for in that case the equatorial current would be carried into the Pacific ocean, and the gulf stream, which does so much to warm Europe, would not emerge into the Atlantic.

Watch Jewels.

A jeweler, no matter how dishonest, would not steal the jewels in a watch, for they are valueless. They cost only 50 cents apiece. In antique watches the jewels were often costly. In modern watches they are never worth more than \$15 a gross.—Argonaut.

Saluting a Ghost.

A famous Scotch dean used to tell a ghost story the clew to which is in the question, "Weel, maister ghaist, is this a general rising or are ye just taking a daunter frae yer grave by yer self?"

Inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature.—Addison.



For Your Protection.

We place this label on every package of Scott's Emulsion. The man with a fish on his back is our trade-mark, and it is a guarantee that Scott's Emulsion will do all that is claimed for it. Nothing better for lung, throat or bronchial troubles in infant or adult. Scott's Emulsion is one of the greatest flesh-builders known to the medical world.

We'll send you a sample free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street New York

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For Congress:

W. P. KIMBALL, of Fayette.

Dog Lost.

An Irish Terrier Pup, about 12 weeks old. Suitable reward will be given to finder if returned to

OSSIAN SPRAKE.

William's Carbolic Salve With Arnic and Witch Hazel.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c by Druggists.

WILLIAMS' MFG. CO., Props., Cleveland, O.

For sale by Oberdorfer.

BLOCK LIGHTS.

I have a large stock of the famous Block Gas Lamps. Lamp and mantle complete, only 50 cents.

J. J. CONNELLY.

Good News to Women.

Father William's Indian Tea, Nature's Remedy, is becoming the most popular Female Remedy in use.

Pale, Weak, Nervous, Delicate Women suffering from those weaknesses and diseases, peculiar to their sex, will find in Father William's Indian Tea a wonderful Tonic and Regulator. It quiets the Nerves, puts on flesh, gives strength and elasticity to the step, brightens the eyes, clears the complexion and makes you well and strong again. Tea or Tablets, 20 cents. For sale by W. T. Brooks.

Free Reclining Chair Cars.

The Southern Railway has inaugurated free reclining chair car service between Louisville and Evansville on their fast through trains leaving Louisville at 7:30 a. m. and 5 p. m. daily, and running solid to Evansville, without change. This line also operates free reclining chair cars on night Lexington and Danville to St. Louis, also Pullman Sleeper through from Danville to St. Louis. The Southern Railway is 23 miles the shortest from Louisville to Nashville and forty-three miles the shortest to St. Louis.

If You Try

Father William's Indian Herb Tea, or Herb Tablets and do not find them the best medicines you ever used for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sick Kidneys, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Bilioussness, Malaria, Dizziness and Bad Breath, we will refund the money.

They work day and night and you get up in the morning feeling like a new person.

Try them 20 cents, Tea or Tablets. For sale by W. T. Brooks.

A Lucky Postmistress.

Is Mrs. Alexander, of Carey, Me., who has found Dr. King's New Life Pills to be the best remedy she ever tried for keeping the stomach, liver and bowels in perfect order. You'll agree with her if you try these painless purifiers that infuse new life. Guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. Price 25c.

Is the Moon Inhabited.

Science has proven that the moon has an atmosphere, which makes life in some form possible on that satellite; but not for human beings, who have a hard enough time on this earth of ours; especially those who don't know that Electric Bitters cure headache, biliousness, malaria, chills and fever, jaundice, dyspepsia, dizziness, torpid liver, kidney complaints, general debility and female weakness. Unequaled as a general tonic and appetizer for weak persons and especially for the aged. It induces sound sleep. Fully guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. Price only 50c.

Human Blood Matters.

A tale of horror was told by marks of human blood in the home of J. W. Williams, a well known merchant of Bag, Ky. He writes: "Twenty years ago I severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and was near death when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. It completely cured me and I have remained well ever since." It cures hemorrhages, Chronic coughs, settled colds and Bronchitis, and is the only known cure for weak lungs. Every bottle guaranteed by Oberdorfer, the druggist. 50c and \$1. Trial bottle free.

Sun Baths.

Sun baths cost nothing and are the most refreshing, life giving baths that one can take, whether sick or well. Every housekeeper knows the necessity of giving her woollens the benefit of the sun from time to time, and especially after a long rainy season or a long absence of the sun. Many will think of the injury their clothes are liable to from dampness who will never reflect that an occasional exposure of their own bodies to the sunlight is equally necessary to their own health. The sun baths do not cost anything, and that is a misfortune, for people are still deluded with the idea that those things only can be good or useful which cost money. Let it not be forgotten that three of God's most beneficent gifts to man (three things most necessary to good health), sunlight, fresh air and water, are free to all. You can have them in abundance, without money and without price, if you will. If you would enjoy good health then see to it that you are supplied with pure air to breathe all the time, that you bathe for an hour or so in the sunlight and that you drink plenty of pure water.—Pittsburg Press.

The Voltaire of the East.

Omar Khayyam was a famous Persian poet and mathematician in the twelfth century, who was employed by the Sultan Malik Shah in revising the astronomical tables and in making a thorough reform of the calendar. He is better known to us as the writer of some 500 epigrams in verses of four lines which are unsurpassed in their pure diction, fine wit and crushing satire. These clever and fascinating quatrains were put into English by Edward Fitzgerald, who in 1859 published "The Rubaiyat of Omar," a rendering marked by exquisite melodiousness and by poetic insight and power. Omar has been called the Voltaire of the east because of his brilliant and pungent wit, while his depth of tenderness and profound thought and his denunciation of the fate which dooms to decay and death what is best and most beautiful in the world reveals much that reminds one of Byron, Swinburne and sometimes Schopenhauer.

Crystal Sky Columns.

An explanation of a curious optical phenomenon, sometimes witnessed on frosty nights, which is called the "pseudo aurora," is offered by a scientist. The phenomenon takes the form of beautiful columns of silvery light standing over electric arc lamps and other bright lights and sometimes appearing almost to reach the zenith. The scientist says that sometimes the evening star has a bright shaft below as well as above, while the rising moon stands in a broad column of light. These appearances are due to floating frost crystals which keep their reflecting faces horizontal. On examination he found that the crystals concerned in the exhibition were thin six sided plates of ice, never more than one millimeter in diameter. When the wind blows, these little plates are upset, and the columns of light caused by reflection from their surfaces disappear.

Greatest of All Cacti.

The greatest as well as the commonest of all cacti is the "soap weed," which grows wherever cacti grow and which is man's only friend in the great southwestern deserts of the United States and in Mexico. It furnishes always a quantity of water when cut. As its name indicates, it can be manufactured into a soap, perhaps the least alkaline soap ever made, even though the weed itself may grow in the center of an alkali desert. Beer is brewed from it, the Indians make a hemlock fiber from it, and horses and men can eat parts of it if the spines are cut away; also when it shoots up its one great arm skyward it tops that arm with one of the most gorgeous flowers in the world.—Argonaut.

New England Arguments.

To argue is as necessary to a New Englander as to eat and to sleep. By nature he rejoices in the opposite side of every question, and he prefers broad, general questions of which he knows only what the daily paper tells him. If he is alone he will argue with himself, and often he will prove to himself that he is wrong and that the argument by which he proves it is faulty.—From "The Balance of Power," by Arthur Goodrich.

Information For the Young.

"Pa, what do they call babies where there's three of them at a time—I mean the same as twins?"

"Triplets."

"Oh, yes. I couldn't think what it was. And what is it when there's four of them?"

"A calamity. Now, put that pup out of the house and keep him out or I'll send for the dog catcher!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Splendid Gain.

Hobson—How did you enjoy your summer trip, Bagley? Bagley—Had a delightful time; gained 130 pounds. Hobson—One hundred and thirty pounds! I don't believe it! Bagley—Don't you? Well, here it comes down the street. Just wait a moment, and I'll introduce you.

Overheard in the Art Gallery. They were making the usual round of exhibitions. "Oh," he exclaimed, "do look at that beautiful Apollo Belvedere!" "Sh," she returned, "Don't say 'dear' so loud. Everybody'll know we're just married."—Judge.

Not Finding Fault.

"So you never find fault with your wife's cooking?" "I should say not," answered Mr. Meekton. "When my wife condescends to cook I say everything I can to encourage her."—Washington Star.

POLICE OF PARIS.

How the Third Brigade Spies Upon the Whole Force.

Vance Thompson describes in Everybody's the famous Third brigade of the Paris police, whose business is to supervise the police. It is composed of an officer de paix, a principal inspector, a brigadier, five subbrigadiers and about seventy-five picked men. About half are assigned to watch the patrolmen. He is a bold policeman who commits any of the little sins dear to the patrolman's heart. There is hardly a chance that he will not be detected in time. Reprimand follows, after that fine and lastly dismissal. There is always a long "waiting list" of candidates, sound young fellows fresh from the army, and the city can choose its new servants among the best.

The other half of the Third brigade is engaged in work of a more typically Latin kind. It investigates all complaints made against the patrolmen by chiefs and citizens, and it maintains a regular system of espionage upon the private lives of all policemen.

"This, of course, is the Latin way of doing things," writes Mr. Thompson. "Wrong as it may be in principle, it serves to weed out the men of bad character and bad habits and bad associations, and it prevents that monstrous alliance of the police and the lawbreakers."

The Third brigade in turn is watched by a smaller body of detectives, who report directly to the prefect of police.

DESERT THIRST.

Its Five Phases, Two of Which Mean Certain Death.

Half of the people dying from desert thirst perish in thirty-six hours, a quarter within forty-eight or fifty hours and all others of which the history is known within eighty hours.

The phenomena of desert thirst may be arranged in three stages—namely, normal thirst, functional derangement and structural degeneration. These three stages are made up of five phases—the clamorous, cotton mouth phase, the shriveled tongue, the blood sweat and the living death. There is hope in saving the lives of the victims whose thirst is diagnosed in the first three phases, but for the fourth and fifth death is certain.

The clamorous phase of desert thirst may be relieved by water, or in some instances fruit acids or similar substances. The second, or cotton mouth, phase should be treated by giving the victim quarts of water taken in small sips and flooding his body. Practically the same treatment may be applied to the third, or shriveled tongue, phase, with the addition of a medicine to counteract the fever and a tonic for the heart. Water would only prove a damage in the fourth, or blood sweat, phase, and even if it were possible to satisfy the thirst of the victim his mental condition would never be clear. Death from thirst is often painless.—Los Angeles Times.

The Valley of Quillota.

"Whoever," says Charles Darwin in his "Voyage of the Beagle," "called Valparaiso the valley of paradise must have been thinking of Quillota." Quillota is a thriving town twenty-six miles from Valparaiso in a northeasterly direction. Any person, he declares, who sees only the country around Valparaiso, barren of vegetation, would never imagine that there were such picturesque spots in Chile. "As soon as we reached the brow of the sierra the valley of Quillota was immediately under our feet. The prospect was one of remarkable natural luxuriance. The valley is very broad and quite flat and is thus easily irrigated in all parts. The little square gardens are crowded with orange and olive trees and every sort of vegetable."

According to Contract.

A man who was very miserly hoarded up his stacks of hay year after year in the hope of making double the price he was offered for them. A well known hay and straw buyer in the district one day asked the price of a stack. An enormous price was asked, which the buyer accepted.

"How about the terms of settlement?" asked the old miser.

"Well, you see," said the buyer, "my terms are to settle when I fetch the last load away."

"That's a bargain," said the miser, slapping the other's hand. The old chap watched every load go away except the last, and that the buyer never did fetch away.—London Standard.

No Salute For a Dirty Prince.

The crown prince of Germany had as a child a great dislike of being washed. The emperor tried various means to cure him, and he at last hit on the right one. The young prince came running to him one day in a great rage, saying the sentry had not saluted him as he passed.

"To be sure," said the emperor. "I gave orders they were not to salute a dirty prince, but only a clean one." The child's pride was hurt, and he took to the bath.

He Must Have Had Faith.

The church was packed, even the aisles lined with chairs. Just before the benediction the thoughtful clergyman, who loved order as he did the gospel, thus admonished his hearers: "In passing out please remain seated until the ushers have removed the chairs from the aisles."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Man often feels himself independent of all the earth, but let the sunshine and rain fall for a little while and he realizes how meekly dependent he is.—Salisbury Democrat.

Love Is Enough

By O. R. PHELPS

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"Shut your eyes tight while I tell you a story," Alwyn commanded. "It begins as stories ought always to begin. 'Once upon a time'—"

"Dear me! I know I shan't like it. Those 'once upon a time' things have grown to be such a bore!" Lolita murmured plaintively, but without in the least checking the story teller.

He ran on, his eyes fixed high above her head. "A foolish fellow, foolishly than the common, set himself to hate wisdom, whose other name is woman—"

"He got his come-uppance, of course. They always do in stories, never out of them," Lolita interjected dispassionately.

This time Alwyn laughed. "Whose other name is woman—woman," he repeated with all the emphasis of capitals. "But you're dead wrong. He got no come-uppance. It was rather his ill luck to come down very hard—so hard he groveled in the dust when one particular woman looked him over without seeing him. That has happened, let me see, about three times a day for full six weeks. Result—"

"One hundred and twenty-six grovels, if your figures can be trusted. I doubt it. I doubt, indeed, if there is anything trustworthy about you," Lolita flashed at him, with a smile so coyly engaging it took all the sting from her speech. "Suppose you stop being tiresome," she went on. "I don't ask you to be sensible, I'm so far from sensible myself. But let's get away from the eternal me. There must be such lots of things better worth while."

"What will you have? Shall I discourse on 'ships and shoes and sealing wax and cabbages and kings'?" Alwyn asked, his voice submissive enough, but dancing rebellion in his eyes.

Lolita smiled demurely. "I think," she said, with an air of grave reflection, "if you don't mind, I had rather hear things about Gordon Fleming."

"There's nothing I can tell you—he's so openly, so offensively, so disgustingly rich—and so patiently in love with you," Alwyn burst out.

Lolita gave him a sideways look. "Are you sure?" she murmured. "Don't you see it would be cruel to experiment with my credulity?"

"As cruel as your experiments with my affection?" Alwyn flung back at her, trying to speak tragically, but laughing in spite of himself. What a rogue she was to play with him so. She loved him almost as he loved her. It had been instantaneous—they had hardly more than looked at each other when eye spoke to eye, heart to heart. But she had doubted him daintily all along, thereby making him more than ever captive. And he in turn had teased and vexed her, now with exaggerated and open devotion, now with reproofs for wholly imaginary faults. Really he did not think she could own a fault—she seemed to him perfect and altogether lovely. But in spite of his overcoming, he had wit enough to see that time and abject devotion would never suit her—he must show himself a man of spirit and temper else he would be no man for her.

It was ten days since they had come together at the Glenwood house party, ten blissful days of Lolita and love. Incidentally there had been walks, rides, drives, golfing and moonlit wanderings. Mrs. Arklow, Glenwood's chateleine, had looked on in smiling approval. Lolita had but a scant fortune, and Alwyn, though not overrich, was clearly at the beginning of a great career. Were not the Flemings, father and son, behind him, the Flemings who had millions in hand and the potentiality of other millions in their mere approval? Gordon Fleming, the son, was well in the middle age; he had married very early—as had his father before him—but it had turned out very badly. In a year there had been a separation, later the threat of divorce, but fate stepped in to save the family pride. The wife sailed away on a ship that went down at sea. She had not been heard of in the fifteen years since, so it was safely assumed that she was among the lost. None of the few survivors had any knowledge of her; she was, moreover, so slight and frail she could hardly have lived through the terror.

Morally and legally her husband was free—to love, to woo, to marry, if he chose. So far he had not chosen. Indeed, until Lolita came in his way women had been to him as shadows—shadows which must be well and tenderly used, but given no further thought. Her freshness, her unspoiled sweetness, her simple natural charm, had swept him off his feet as completely as they had bowled over Alwyn. At first he had seemed to see how the land lay between the pair and contented himself with standing aside to watch their delight in each other. But for three days past he had shown a disposition to enter the lists—a disposition which roused in Alwyn rather pity than apprehension. Lolita knew—that was his sure hope—knew what it was to love, to be loved. All Fleming's millions were no offset to the knowledge. Still, it did no harm to make believe he was in fear of them.

Lolita looked at him in silence for a minute, her face the while subtly changing. It smiled still, but with no mirth in the smile, and the dimples and curves somehow sharpened themselves to finer lines. At last she said abruptly: "Don't you see I have to marry him? If I don't, I shall marry you, and that

will be your ruin. Don't interrupt. I must say it all at once—I have no promised, but that's how it will end. Last night I had a letter, a home letter. You know we're desperately poor rich folk, which is much worse than being poor outright. Mother has heard how things are. That made her tell me things—things I had never guessed—debts, privations, humiliations she had endured to make me what I am, some thing to retrieve our fortunes. Mr. Fleming has written asking her leave to court me. She gave it, of course, in her own dignified, diplomatic way. I am free to choose. If I choose to take him the choice will meet her approval. Oh, I know it all by heart!"

"I know by heart you are not going to do it. You can't," Alwyn broke in. His face grew gray and lined. Lolita looked away from him, shaking her head. But after a minute she sprang up, saying, with a laugh that was half a sob: "Come, I want one more walk—down past the dovecot. And while we walk we won't talk or think of things."

"Least of all Gordon Fleming," Alwyn said, taking her hand. But somehow it proved easier to say than to do it. By the time they came opposite the dovecot Fleming's name had been many times on their lips.

The dovecot was a detached cottage set thickly about with trees and flowering shrubs and so stoutly hedged passersby got but glimpses of the interior. The house was smothered in vines, and either upon the piazza or in a small sunny lawn space upon clear days there appeared a wheel chair with a helpless man in it and a woman, slight and frail, hovering about him. Today she was invisible, although the chair stood in its usual place. Sight of it, thus desolate, somehow hushed the pair who walked outside. A feeling of something imminent fell upon them. It was hardly a surprise to find the woman herself standing with the gate half open or to have her beckon them inside.

"I heard what you were saying—you two—I could not help it—there in the raspberry thicket," she said abruptly; then, her eyes fast on Lolita's face, "And I had to call you in—because—because I am Gordon Fleming's wife—and I couldn't see you, so young, so fresh, make a bitter mistake."

"His wife?" Alwyn echoed, with staring eyes. "Why, his wife has been at the bottom of the sea this long, long time."

"So he believes; so he must always believe," the woman said huskily, with a backward glance at the sleeping occupant of the chair. "I should be there if I had gone on that ship, but I didn't sail; I was not strong enough. Listen, I married without love, and I did love somebody else, yet that was not what made the break. I never saw the man I loved until it was all over with my husband. Gordon is a good man, but we did not suit. He is unyielding. If you do not bend to him you must break. And I was impatient and quick spoken and young and unhappy. He could not understand my unhappiness when he had given me so much. He gave me everything but liberty to enjoy it in my own way. If I had not left him I should have killed myself. That might have been better, yet I can't be sorry when I look there."

As she spoke she waved her hand toward the sleeper. "He would have nothing, nobody, if I had died," she murmured, her voice breaking from its tense hardness. "I was going away to escape him. Then at the very last I heard that he had been so hurt he would never walk again. I went to him at once. I have been with him ever since. The ship went down. It seemed the only kindness, the best return I could make Gordon, to let him think I was among the lost. I should never have spoken to any one in any other case. Don't, don't," laying a light and withered hand timidly on Lolita's arm, "let anything make you go against your heart. There are women made to be battered. You are not of them. Believe me, I am happier here—nurse, drudge, sole stay of a human wreck—than was or would be the mistress of millions with a dead heart in my breast."

Alwyn bared his head. Lolita drew the wasted face to her breast and held it there while her tears rained down upon it. "How can I thank you for saving me?" she whispered at last.

The woman gently loosed herself from the girl's clasp and pointed toward the gate. "Go and forget that you came in and all things save one," she said. "But remember love is enough and only love!"

The Gray Parrot.

The home of the gray parrot, an interesting but sadly ill used creature, is in sunny central Africa, from the Congo and Guinea coast to the east of Lake Nyassa. Here the "pretty Pollys" fly in flocks, as rooks and pigeons do in England, for they are very friendly birds. The birds when caught are huddled together and carried to the coast. Such as are still alive on reaching it are packed, generally without mercy or pity, in the holds of ships or are stowed away in any corner or board where space can be found, to suffer torments from want of air, want of light, want of proper food and space to spread their wings, and, worst of all, lack of water, which they dearly love. The wings of many wretched, suffering birds brought to this country are tied so as to prevent them from fluttering and spoiling their beauty. Thoking, gasping, stifling from heat or shivering with damp and cold, hundreds upon hundreds die on their way to this country. It has been said by a famous bird fancier that hardly one in a thousand survives the terrible sufferings which gray parrots undergo on their way from their own land to the cage in England. Our Animal Brothers.